

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF GILA COUNTY.

Saturday, March 11, 1893.

Science and Conscience.

Is M. Pasteur really about to try experiments in cholera on human beings? It looks very like it. He has told the correspondent that he has tried "cholera vaccine" on animals, and has found that it completely protects them against true cholera. When introduced into the intestine, the virus caused "a real cholera" in the animals, but the experiments, however, are unsatisfactory, inasmuch as the effect on men and animals may not be the same, and although the vaccine has been tried on men, who have consequently escaped the disease, even M. Pasteur shrinks from introducing into them the true cholera virus. Still science cannot be content without that introduction, and after failing to induce a Russian prince to try the experiment M. Pasteur has asked Prince Damrong of Siam, a great admirer, to "vaccinate a portion of the inhabitants in some of the villages, and so submit the whole question to a fair scientific inquiry," so as to ascertain whether cholera vaccine introduced under the skin is a protection against intestinal cholera.

Clearly, the Siamese villagers are to be tested in some more perfect way than Frenchmen would bear, and the additional value is obviously the introduction of the intestinal virus. At least, if it is not, M. Pasteur has done himself a great injustice, or suffered from M. de Blowitz. We rather fancy that Prince Damrong will shrink from the experiment on villagers, as he might incur a rebellion; but he may try it upon criminals, and in this case, if the experiment fails, M. Pasteur may have a good many deaths upon his conscience. Intellectual curiosity seems, however, to suppress that organ.—London Spectator.

French Masons in Politics.

The Freemasons have resolved to take a more energetic part in politics. At the last assembly in the hall of the grand orient of France the conduct of certain members was discussed who had shown a disposition to act with the Clericals. Masonic deputies were censured for voting endorsements to church institutions. There were several protests, some contending that it was too soon to insist upon the separation of church and state, as that would make the Radical party unpopular. These protests were hoisted down, and several Masons thereupon retired from the order. Carried on by this same spirit the Masons passed a resolution to vote for all reforms "necessary for the final evolution of the republic," for the separation of church and state, and for the suppression of the public worship system and of the embassy to the Vatican, and that each Mason should have a civil funeral.

There was a general instance upon the complete secularization of every public institution, the removal of religious emblems from every court house and street corner, and the suppression of chaplains in barracks, ships, prisons and hospitals.—Paris Letter.

Why Novelists Do Not Write Plays.

Ouida has contributed an article to the series being printed in the Pall Mall Gazette on the subject of why novelists do not write plays. She says that the French style allows a wider latitude in situations. A French audience appreciates an intellectual character and spirit of the play which an English audience finds unintelligible and tiresome.

Ouida adds that if Racine and Moliere were alive they would write plays for Mounet Sully and the Coquelins. Were Shakespeare and Sheridan alive they would certainly write poems and novels. An audience capable of accepting Mrs. Anderson as a tragic actress is incapable of knowing good from bad. English audiences are uncultured. With few exceptions English actors and actresses act ill. They never merge themselves into the character they represent. These, according to Ouida, are the reasons that have kept writers of eminence off the English stage since the days of Lytton.

A Precious Puss.

A certain young woman of this town who dotes on cats was made the happy possessor not long ago of a cat which was rescued from a sinking vessel in midocean. Sailors have a superstition that a cat rescued at sea becomes a mascot. This particular cat was the last living creature to leave the foundered bark Alannah, from which the lifeboat of the steamship La Champagne took off sixteen men on the morning of Aug. 22. There was great competition among the passengers of La Champagne to obtain the cat, but a gentleman with a persuasive tongue and a long purse, who knew of the aforementioned young woman's hobby, secured the animal and presented it to her.—New York Times.

Chestnuts Are Plentiful.

Chestnuts ought to be cheap this year, for they are abundant, and never were finer or larger. At present they cost seven dollars a bushel in New York. The chestnut tree thrives best by the roadside or at the edge of clearings—not so well in thick woods—and its fruit is therefore easy to find. In Sussex county, N. J., the trees are hardly seen, except on a narrow state ridge, half a mile wide, that runs for some miles nearly east and west.—New York Letter.

How It Happened.

We violate no confidence when we say that as a work of art the discovery celebration invitation sent out by the city of New York knocks the spots clean out of the invitation sent out by the city of Chicago. We account for this only upon the hypothesis that a Chicago man must have got up the New York invitation and a New York man must have got up the Chicago invitation.—Chicago News-Record.

A Wonderful Shark.

A shark recently washed ashore at Midian, British Columbia, had two distinct tails, three perfect eyes, and what appeared to be the rudiment of a fin or flipper hanging to the jaw under. It will be mounted and sent to the World's Fair.—St. Louis Republic.

A Heavy Old Male.

On the farm of George Hester, near Yuma City, Cal., there is a male that came across the plains in 1864 and still is able to do considerable work and is fat and healthy. The estate fair might well secure the living relic to go in the historical exhibition.—Sutter Farmer.

Greek Pirates.

Recent declarations of the Greek newspapers that a regular piratical organization still survives in some of the more out of the way parts of the Mediterranean receive a certain amount of confirmation from the confession of two men arrested in the Pireus on charges of piracy not long ago. The head-quarters of the band is said to be Aivali, and two dozen ships are said to be engaged in the business. The scene of their operations, it is further stated, is the coast of Asia Minor and the islands of the Archipelago, and by means of false papers the booty is landed in Greece free of duty.

Cattle stealing is the chief part of the enterprise, but it is said that vessels are also attacked. Indeed the prisoners admit that a very short time ago they, in company with others, attacked a Greek vessel on the coast of Ephesus whose crew had gone ashore for water, killed the captain, who had remained on board, carried off the cargo, consisting of fifteen oxen, and sold the beasts on the high seas.

The plan of the pirates was to rob outside of Greek waters, and within them to pose as honest merchants. That is why they have been able to practice their trade in security under the very eyes of the authorities. The piracy evidently has been on a small scale and of a most unromantic character, but the existence of it was unsuspected, and a thorough investigation has been set on foot.—Detroit Free Press.

The Cholera Scare in Finland.

Altogether advertised for a cholera doctor, and offered a good salary. Not a single application was received, although the place was advertised with medical students. Helsingfors advertised in a similar way and had two applicants. Wherever you turn you hear advice to undergo no risk. One assures you that fruit must be avoided; another that you must keep your body well protected by flannels, and a third advises only boiled water as both drink and food! As a matter of fact, most families have adopted strict measures in regard to eating, although I can never think that the universal summer dish here, consisting of sour milk with ginger and sugar, can be wholesome. We are all very careful not to catch a cold and to frequent baths.

Outside Helsingfors are two large hospitals, with beds, nurses, medicine, ambulances, etc., in perfect readiness, and there are besides to be disinfected stations, and a central medical depot in the middle of the town, where doctors are in attendance day and night. The railway officials have fitted up special hospital cars, which have a ward, all in white, with a big red cross outside. Helsingfors Cor. London News.

Frightened by a Snake.

Five-year-old Hansi, daughter of a well known Jackson (Mich.) citizen, has been almost frightened to death by a rattlesnake. Little Hansi was out in the yard singing and her music charmed the snake, which was near by, and which held its head up as long as she sang. The girl saw the snake, but did not know what it was, afterward describing it as "something very pretty and red with white spots." When she stopped singing the snake put out its fangs, and Hansi, being fearfully frightened, screamed. The women in the house rushed out and found her. Her face was colorless and her limbs rigid. She was soon restored to consciousness, when she said that the animal sprang toward her, striking her in the chest with its head, and she fell. An examination showed a red spot at her waist, but the flesh was not broken, evidently on account of her thick clothes. When asked if she could hear any rattling sound she said she did, and answers to other questions made it certain that the animal was a rattlesnake.—Jackson Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Pleased with the Pigeons.

British naval officers are elated over the success of the experiments made with carrier pigeons during recent combined maneuvers of the fleets. By means of the winged messengers information of the capture of Thames and Thetis, of the Red feet, by the Blue cruisers was successfully and expeditiously conveyed from the Arethusa to the senior officer at Belfast, who was thus placed in possession of important facts much earlier than was possible by any other available method.

The pigeons used were of the Belgian strain, and high opinion has been expressed of the utility of the birds for the purpose for which they were tried. It has been suggested that the government should take the matter up and authorize the regular breeding and training of pigeons for this service.—Exchange.

Good Use of Officeholders.

It is beginning to dawn upon the minds of the managers of the Chicago exhibition that if the whole grand army of present and prospective officials attend the show and pay as they go in the attendance will be large enough to crowd the grounds and to make the show independent of transient visitors.—Philadelphia Times.

A Terrible Fate.

"Poor Cholly Weakness is dead." "Weally!" "Yass. Died a violent death too. Was run into by a June bug last August." "Died me! How terrible! And what an unforgivable bug for August!"—Harper's Bazar.

A resident of Jewel City, Kan., lost his watch and supposed that it had been stolen. He was agreeably surprised recently when a chicken scratching in his barn unearthed the watch.

Stabbed Out the Fish by Horsepower.

A gentleman who resides in Loliva reports that a large sawfish was captured a few days ago near Rollover which measured 18 feet in length, 3 feet 8 inches length of saw, 6 feet wide and 2 feet thick from dorsal to ventral fin. It got inside the bar that runs parallel with the peninsula, and not being able to get out was caught, and after being made fast with a hawser it took two horses and four men to pull the fish ashore.—Galveston News.

Treasury department statistics for the year ended with June 30, 1892, showed that our country exported nearly three times as much wheat as it did during the previous year—in round numbers 120,000,000 bushels in place of 30,000,000.

A child born at Waucoma, Ia., on the 13th of September has a smooth, round hole in its back near where the points of the shoulder blades come together, through which the action of the lungs can be plainly observed.

Sensible Words About Eating.

Perhaps popular medical literature is partly to blame for the growing habit of overeating organs which are quite able to stand ordinary work. Health articles are written by doctors, and these, seeing people only when they are ill, forget that the papers they write for are "family journals"—are read by men and women, especially women, who are perfectly well. "Avoid pastry," writes the doctor, thinking of the confirmed dyspeptic who left his consulting room half an hour ago, and thereupon a hundred folks who were never a whit the worse for their taste avoid pastry conscientiously and take to mending sago puddings, whose monotony their weary palate loathes. If we were to renounce all that we see or hear condemned as overeating or missing our digestive apparatus, we should probably take nothing but peeps, with perhaps a little milk to excite it on.

There are times when after a too rigid dieting the most mature of us longs for the green apple and raspberry tarts of youth, and such a longing is an honest rebellion of the digestion against a regimen which keeps it weak for lack of proper exercise. To give a fair and reasonable consideration to the food we eat is a matter of common sense, but to make ourselves mentally the parallel of the monks of Mount Athos and concentrate our attention on all that we should avoid, is to lay ourselves open to the charge of indigestion as much as if we indulged every day in the banquets of a Lucullus.—London Hospital.

Franklin's Exercise.

At a time when so much attention is given to physical education, it is of interest to remember that Benjamin Franklin told John Adams that he made it a point of religion to exercise. When sixty-six years old, Franklin wrote to his son as follows:

"Exercise to prevent diseases, since the cure of them by physic is so precarious.

"The quantum of each kind of exercise is to be judged by the degree of warmth it produces in the body rather than by time or distance.

"There is more exercise in one mile's riding on horseback than five in a coach, and more in one mile's walking on foot than in five on horseback; more in walking one mile up and down stairs than in four on a level floor.

"This last may be had when one is pinched for time, as containing a great quantity of exercise in a handful of minutes.

"The dumbbell is another exercise of the latter compendious kind; by the use of it I have in forty evenings quickened my pulse from sixty to 100 beats in a minute, counted by a second watch, and I suppose the warmth generally increases with quickness of pulse."

Yonib's Companion.

The Prizes of Literary Work.

When not long ago a statement was made in The Author that there were fifty men and women in Great Britain and the states who were making \$1,000 a year and upward by writing novels, the statement was received with derisive laughter. Fifty novelists making \$1,000 a year? Impossible! Preposterous! The statement, however, was made by one who knew what he was saying. It is a true statement; it represents the real prizes of the profession.

There are in London alone, it is said, 10,000 people who in some branch or other exercise the literary profession. Fifty of them by writing novels make over \$1,000 a year. The number of men who actually live by the production of original work, apart from journalism in any of its branches, is comparatively small. There are half a dozen dramatists; about a hundred novelists; a few successful writers of educational books, which are indeed a mine of wealth if one can succeed, and a few publishers' hacks. The greatest prizes are those of the dramatists.—Walter Besant in Forum.

Sir Doyle Roche's famous "Boita." Sir Doyle Roche, too, whose bulls made him famous, on one occasion assured a wonder-stricken body of voters that, if elected, he would put a stop to smuggling practices in the Shannon by "having two frigates stationed on the opposite points at the mouth of the river, and there they should remain fixed, with strict orders not to stir, and so, by crisscrossing, and crisscrossing, they would be able to intercept everything that should attempt to pass between them."

Another time, when on the hustings, he observed, "England, it must be allowed, is the mother country, and therefore I would advise them (England and Ireland) to live in filial affection together like sisters, as they are and ought to be." This was only equalled by his when opposing his antimilitarist motion—wishing the said motion "was at the bottom of the bottomless pit."—London Standard.

Mountain Peasants in New York.

The mountaineer peasants of northern Italy and the Tyrol are unusual among the immigrants to this country, but one now and then encounters them upon the streets of New York, where they are easily recognized by their great statures, sturdy legs and shoulders, hard, sun-browned features and felt hats, creased in imitation of Kosuth's headgear, and ornamented with the scimitar like cock's feather. Their footgear, too, is distinctive, being coarse legged boots, with pointed toes and high, tapering heels, such an article of apparel as it seems no man would dare venture out with in a region of difficult footing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Chance for a Sore Tongue.

Mrs. Poots—What are you looking so glum about?

Poots—Oh, there's a confoundedly tender spot on my tongue from resting against a broken tooth.

"Humph! You're always grinning about something. Funny I never have anything like that the matter with my tongue."

"Nothing funny about it. Your tongue's never at rest."—Texas Sittings.

About the Fruit Season.

Teacher—How long did Adam and Eve remain in the Garden of Eden?

Boy—I don't know.

Teacher—They remained in the Garden of Eden until—until—

Boy (gleefully)—Oh, yes, until the apples were ripe.—Texas Sittings.

SCOTT'S HEROINE.

FACTS ABOUT THE ORIGINAL OF THE NOVELIST'S REBECCA.

She Was a Resident of Philadelphia and Was the Dearest Friend of Washington Irving's Only Love—How Sir Walter Scott Heard of Her.

Of all the women Sir Walter Scott has drawn Rebecca and Rowena are the best known and best beloved. The tender strength of the one, the tender weakness of the other, the romantic story through which they move and the perfection of the contrast between them—all contribute to fix them firmly in the hearts of all readers. It has been said that Rebecca is the greatest novelist's finest character. If this is so it is of all the more interest to us, for her prototype was a Philadelphia girl. The original of Rebecca, the daughter of Isaac of York, was Rebecca Gratz, born in this city in the last century and still living after the two great novelists who succeeded Scott had been gathered to Walhalla.

I stood the other day by her forgotten grave in the little old grass grown Jewish cemetery on Spruce street, just south of the Quaker meeting house, between Eighth and Ninth streets, and I read the simple inscription on the tomb—

Rebecca Gratz. Born March 4, 1781. Died Aug. 27, 1859.

Miss Gratz was a conspicuous member of an honorable Jewish family. She possessed in early years—indeed even to the day of her death—a singular beauty of face and form. Her eyes were of exquisite shape, large, black and lustrous; her figure was graceful and her carriage was marked by quiet dignity. Besides these attractions she had elegant and winning manners.

Gentle, benevolent and accomplished, Rebecca soon became the center of a brilliant circle of men and women—Christians and Jews. Her parents died when she was very young, but the Gratz mansion, presided over by Rebecca, continued to be known far and wide for its hospitality. One of the most intimate friends of her brother was Washington Irving, who was then in the early freshness of his literary career, and in this way a cordial friendship and admiration were established between the author and Miss Gratz, which lasted as long as life.

Matilda Hoffman, who was the object of Irving's only love, was also Rebecca's dearest friend, many of her younger days being passed with the Hoffmans and other old families in New York. During Miss Hoffman's first illness Rebecca was her constant companion, sharing with the family the care of the sick bed and holding Matilda when she died in her arms.

Scott and Irving met for the first time in 1817, the American visiting Sir Walter with a letter of introduction from the poet Campbell. He was most cordially received at Abbotsford, and there Irving passed several of the most delightful days of his life listening to the many tales, told as no one but Scott could tell them, and rambling about the beautiful hills. During one of the frequent conversations between the two authors Irving spoke of his own and Miss Hoffman's friend—Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia. He glowingly described her beauty and related the story of her firm adherence to her religious faith under the most trying circumstances, but particularly of her zeal in her philanthropic and benevolent work.

Sir Walter was very deeply impressed and interested and conceived the idea of embodying a character like hers in one of his novels. He was then revolving in his mind the story of "Ivanhoe." And on the strength of Irving's vivid description, he determined to introduce a Jewish female character.

Scott composed this story during moments of intense physical pain, yet at times he became so interested in the character of Rebecca, for he even adopted her name, that he rose from his couch and walked up and down the room while he dictated the story to his amanuensis.

He finished the book in December, 1819, and immediately sent the first copy to Irving. In the letter accompanying it, he asked: "How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured compare well with the pattern given?"

The resemblance of the character to that of Miss Gratz, it is said by those who knew her, was closely marked. Although the source of the character was known to the Jewess, her modesty made her shrink from the publicity of it, and when pressed upon the subject she would deftly evade the matter by changing the topic.

When a young girl, it is said, Rebecca Gratz won the regard of a gentleman of good position and wealth, but as he was a Christian the difference in their religious faith proved a hopeless barrier to their union. She consequently never married. Instead she devoted her life to charitable deeds. She founded the orphan's asylum of this city, and as early as 1811 her name appeared as an officer of the female association. In 1828 a mission school for Hebrew children was started by this noble woman. At this school prayers of her own composition were read daily. Miss Gratz lived to the advanced age of eighty-eight, when she died universally regretted.

The ancient graveyard where her mortal remains repose has been since her death, although previous to that time it was extensively used.—Philadelphia Times.

An Author's Feelings.

The author of "The Turkish Spy" tells us he would rather use a lion face to face than feel a spider crawling over him in the dark. This he humorously attributes to transmutation. "Before I came into my present body," he says, "perhaps I was a fly." This is quite as reasonable an explanation of his antipathy as can be given for any of them. Even Shakespeare, though he gives several examples of this attitude, offers no solution of it.—London Illustrated News.

Why Fast Records Have Been Made. A breeder of fine horses had this to say of the recent record smashing: "In addition to the pneumatic tire wheeled sulkes, the drivers and jockeys this season have had the best tracks to go on that I ever saw." The weather has been absolutely perfect, and as a result I have never seen tracks so fast as they are this fall."—Texas Sittings.

Shipping Tons Is Dull. It was lately quoted in British shipping circles, as a proof of the depression affecting the shipping trade that a splendid four masted bark of 2,000 tons register, owned on the Clyde, came into port from Australia in ballast, was unable to get a cargo, and sailed back for the antipodes again with the same ballast she brought with her.

PRETTY AND SHE KNEW IT.

A Figure in a Shop Window Made the Old Man Think of Other Days. "Well, I'm gosh darned, Mr. Randy!" "Do you just come along, Jesse, an you been a married high under forty years."

The twain were from the interior manfully. He was of conventional rural dress, baggy pantaloons and coat sleeves too short, and a hat that half concealed his features. He wore huge glasses, and was peering through them with all his might and main at a revolving female dummy in a State street window. She wore a plain, black frock, short in the skirt and high in the neck, and a very plain bonnet of antique architecture. While he stared she tugged at his sleeves. "Well, I'm gosh darned!" he repeated, giving no heed to the entreaties of his wife.

"Jesse, Jesse, do come away," she urged. "Why, everybody's a-sighing of ye."

"Well, I'm gosh darned!" he repeated for the third time. "If that that gal don't top anything for looks I ever see. Wonder what wages they give her for spin around all the time. Not much, I reckon. Most any party gal 'ud be glad to show 'er painted at 'er praised by every fellow 'at comes along, er thousand er more a day, I'm dinkin'."

"Jesse, Jesse," pleaded the wife, pulling at his elbow more vigorously, "them youngsters is laughin at ye."

"She's doosed party," he knows it," he added as he regarded her more critically. "Yass, she knows it. W'at party gal don't know that? I shud think her feller 'ouldn't like it, though. But, law, Mr. Randy, she hain't a-mindin him, w'at w'at all the ogles 'n' winks she gets. Most er young wimmin has big enough heart for more ner eyes 'til she gets settled down. Law, Sus, blamed if she don't smile sweeter n'r a peach on that ther' redheaded chap yander. I guess the shop folks gin her that frock, fur its beyond her pile."

"It's pow'ful funny w'at store young wimmin does set on finery. Think 'er standin ther' all day fer' fer' fine shop clo's 'n' ter be shined at 'n' admired. I do beat all. I bet she hain't cook a chicken pie to save her gizzard. Yass, she's party enough ter be looked at, but when it comes ter givin a wife!"

"Jesse," interrupted his spouse firmly, as she gave him a jerk that caused his teeth to rattle, "if you do not come right straight along I'll have you tuk up fer a lunatic, that I will!"

"All right, Mr. Randy, all right," said the old man meekly and with a sigh, as he dragged himself along after her. "It sorter took me back ter old times when I were a youngster around among the partiest on 'em," and he lifted his chop in apparent enjoyment of ancient days.

"You're what yea allies was, Jesse, an old fool—n'r I'll be no stoppin afore wimmin in this here wicked city," and she quickened her steps as she spoke and forced him to keep pace with her.—Chicago Mail.

Icebergs in Glistening Array.

There are few more interesting things among the perils and wonders of the ocean than icebergs. They are interesting not only for their gigantic size, their fantastic shapes, their exceeding beauty and their ability to cool great masses of water and air in their neighborhood, but also for the manner in which they array themselves.

Icebergs often show a tendency to form both clusters and long lines, and these groupings may arise from the effects both of ocean currents and storms. Some very singular lines of bergs, extending for many hundreds of miles east of Newfoundland, are shown on an iceberg chart issued by the hydrographic office in Washington. Two of these cross one another, each keeping on its independent course after the crossing. In several instances parallel lines of bergs leave long spaces of clear water between them.

The Prince of Monaco, who has taken a lively interest in the subject, is in an address to the British association, the desirability of more systematic study of ocean tides and currents. A record of the groupings and alignments of icebergs in the North Atlantic might be of some use in such an investigation.—Youth's Companion.

Legal Verbiage in an Old Document.

An old deed recorded in Pettis county, Mo., over fifty years ago, contains a good illustration of the legal verbiage common in such instruments in early times. In addition to forty acres of land, sold for a consideration of fifty dollars, the document conveys "all and singular appurtenances, appendages, advowsons, benefices, commons, cartmills, cow-houses, corncribs, dairies, dovecoats, enclosures, enclaves, freeholds, fixtures, furniture, fixtures, gardens, homesteads, improvements, immunities, limekilns, meadows, moors, mines, minerals, orchards, parks, pleasure grounds, pigeon houses, pigsties, quarries, remainders, reversions, rents, rights, ways, water courses, windmills, together with every other advantage of whatsoever name, nature or description."—Chicago Herald.

Her Mood Changed.

A young man passing through a crowd in a great dry goods store found himself side by side with a timid looking little man, and exactly behind a lady. A movement of the crowd forced the young man to step upon the hem of the lady's skirt. She turned quickly around, with a furious look, and was evidently about to address some harsh remark to him, when a change came over her face suddenly. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," she said. "I was going to get very angry. You see, I thought it was my husband!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Interesting Suit.

A cure of Les Adieux established a sort of clerical table d'hôte for those wishing to take communion. Whoever desired to communicate had to dine and pay. Three young women resisted the charge, and upon being refused communion their fathers appeared to the court, which decided in their favor, and they followed this up by an action against the cure for damages for refusing to officiate when requested. The cure was condemned to pay an indemnity of 115 francs to each of the fathers.—New York Sun.

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It was lately quoted in British shipping circles, as a proof of the depression affecting the shipping trade that a splendid four masted bark of 2,000 tons register, owned on the Clyde, came into port from Australia in ballast, was unable to get a cargo, and sailed back for the antipodes again with the same ballast she brought with her.

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